Subject: Chat with Caleb Pritchard
From: Caleb Pritchard <cpritchard2001@gmail.com>
To: barriticus@gmail.com

Caleb: Interesting.
Caleb: Where did you unearth that?
me: on his wikipedia page
me: his buttocks muscles are great at milking loads
Caleb: So he claims.
me: i believe him
Caleb: You believe everything you read.
Caleb: What're you doing for Thanksgiving?
me: going to straub's parents house
Caleb: That sounds wholesome.
me: yeah
Caleb: Gonna eat some turkey?
Caleb: Gobble gobble!!
me: lol
me: gobble gobble indeed
me: turkey sound
me: sound turkeys make
Caleb: Are you gonna invite your lady-friend?
me: yeah, that's over
Caleb: Oh, dude.
Caleb: I'm sorry.
me: sniff
Caleb: I'm sorry for your feelings, dude.
me: I had to shoot smack and make out with another girl in front of her to make her go away
me: because breaking up didn't seem to work
Caleb: THAT'S LIKE USING A BAZOOKA TO KILL A FLY!!!
me: no it
me: is not
Caleb: So who's your new special lady?
me: gentleman never tells
Caleb: Very well.
Caleb: A gentleman never tells who he makes out with in front of his girlfrend after shooting skag.
Caleb: I understand.
me: well played
Caleb: So, have you given up on Huffington Post?
me: no, finishing my book, it's overdue

me: also other stuff
Caleb: Bitch.
Caleb: You're a bitch, bitch.
me: my cousin is here with me at the strip club